## IN NATURE'S THEATRE.

A PASTORAL PLAY ON A PURELY REALISTIC FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

A curious but charming feature of English social nts this year is seen in Lady Archibald Campbell's open-air plays. Finding, one day recently, that a new series of these queer representrecently, that a new series of these queer representations was in progress, I made my way to the great Southwestern Station, and after some struggle with the intricacies of lines and platforms get myself fairly launched for Coombe, a pretty spot a few miles beyond Wumbledon. The house stands on a hill just outside the village, sheltered from the road nse shrubbery, in the midst of which, at a sort of sylvan box-office, a civil young man took my half sovereign and ushered me into the grounds. the interest of sacred charity the promoters of entertainment had put that privacy so dear to where a pathway marked by plush-covered maple a few rods off-the scene of the expected drama. At the top of a flight of steps leading up to an inclosure marvellously like the circus tent of our boyhood, I was ushered into the auditorium, a rectangular space fonced in and draped with gray canvass, open to the sky and shaded by fine old Ita capacity might be about 500 seats, and the steep pitch allowed perfect sight from all the benches. The stage was shut in by a curtain which was lowered from supports at either side of the rustic proscenium, for the elementary reason that you can't raise a curtain unless it has somewhere to go. During a five minutes' interval for the con ce of a photographer it was so lowered, and we, the early comers, had a chance to contemplate the sylvan stage, a matter concerning which I had entertained no little curiosity. The stage, then, was simply a glade or nook in the grove, taken up by three or four noble clms (much taller and more slender than the American variety), two near gether in the centre and the others grouping in prettily toward the wings. The background was formed by more distant trees and shrubbery, while tie pathway with fence and gate led out into the open. For side scenes piles of faggots were thrown up on either hand, just as they might easily be seen in the farmyard of a rural cottage. For the play was to be a rural play-Fletcher's " Faithfull epherdesse"—and true local color of course was outlal. Against the centre elm was built a rustic altar topped by a lofty Hermes statue of Pan; bowers of flowers and vines were stretched between centre trees, and garlands of hot-house flowers swung to the branches of the more distant ones, The stage itself was thickly strewn with new mown hay, and broken up by banks (real banksnot pasteboard), old gnarled tree-roots and a mossgrown well. While the curtain was still down to grown well. While the curtain was still down (or in urban phrase, up) sundry of the actors came strolling down from the house, and finding them-solves unexpectedly in full view, popped shyly behind their faggot-built green-room, a phrase rarely so applicable as here. Presently the curtain was drawn up and a wait of some twenty minutes occurred, while some 200 auditors, all told, grad-ually dribbled in; for a half-hour's railway journey, a two-mile walk up hill and a ten-shilling admission nd to sift an audience into extreme selectness. Then the prompter's whistle was heard, and from

behind the curtain as it slowly dropped came the sounds of the "Hymn to Pan," which the adapter has introduced, in translation, from a Greek choral strophe in Euripides, if I remember rightly. When the stage was fully displayed the scene was thor-oughly beautiful. At the central altar a reverend st of Pan was engaged in sacrifice to the deity, casting inconse on the fire, which sent its him were grouped the shepherds and shepherdesses with hands raised in invocation, the men in rough and sober-colored garb of serge and furs, the women in beautifully assorted dresses of clinging crape and Indian silks, all in the delicately graded tiuts, the browns and warm umbers, and saftron and olive green and Pompelian red, and violet of modern estheticism. The sacritice ended, the priest prinkled them with lustral water from a bunch of on twigs. Then the youths and maidens, taking danced a fantastic round, twining in and out ong the trees, singing as they went, till, break-up into groups of two or three, they went lilting forest pathways, the sun glinting on the bright tints and floral crowns and white of the girls, and casting checkers of lights and erald darks on the sward, till it was easy to fancy one's self transferred, bodily, to the real Areadia of old. The music throughout was imerely let, which stood perfectly for the pipe" of tradition. Some unexpected hindrance prevented the attendance of the orchestra, which was on hand the day before, and, I believe, the day after: but I am not sure that the whole effect was

The choras done, Chlor, a passionate shepherdess, the person of Miss Lucy Roche, tripped out from behind the faggets, and the real business of the play began. Fletcher's " Faithfull Shepherdesse" is ceived and carried out in the spirit of pseudoclassicism and affected pastoral of a hundred or more years ago. With a good deal that is fresh and graceful in the language, it is weary work to listen to, but it has the advantage of rapidly shifting event and action, and an absolute unity of scene and time, as must needs be under the circumstances. The action turns on the love of a high-minded and

event and action, and an absolute unity of scone and time, as must needs be under the circumstances. The action turns on the love of a high-minded and over-strained young swain, Perigol, for a timid maiden, Amerel. Their loves are traversed by the icelous farv of Ameryllis, aided by a Sulles Shepherd, and great disaster results, even to driving poor sensitive Perigot to temporary insanity and attempts at homicide. But Ameryllis, repending, undees her fatal spell, and the action ends in general pence and reconciliation, except for the unincky Sulles Shepherd, who having been fool enough to be used as the tool of a woman's wiles, is littingly driven into outer darkness.

Lady Archibald Campbell's tall, spare figure and rather masculine voice and personality litted her well for the role of Perigot. Her action was on the whole intelligent and appropriate, with a noticeable leaning, to be sure, to posturing and attending glass stitudes.' Her reading, like that of most of the performers, was more than a trifle stilted and amateurish, but she made a very stately and impressive figure, and was particularly good in the made seens of the last ack, which was carefully studied. The little Princess Helen of Kappurthala made a very naive and grilish Amoret in flowing chestnut wig and saffron robes, and Mrs. Belden, the beauty of the occasion, showed some really good natural dramatic traits as the jealous and will Amaryllia. As is not unusual in smateur work, one or two subordinate roles were perceptibly best filled. Miss Roche in her coquetry as Chice was areh, mischievons and natural, beides being very fair and comely to look upon, and the loutish stupidity of the clown laphuis, who has not wit to take advantage of a fair woman's evident good-will, was really humorous and artistic. The reading, as I have said, was in general untrained and stilled. But the text was stilled enough to make its scenable, and lords and ladies, of whom there was fair sprinkling in the east; can hardly be expecied to be trained clocutionists. The

phere can give, I naturally expected that we poor ten-and-six plebelians should betake ourselves to the village and the station, while our titled entertainers should doft their paraphernalis and return to the conventional garb and their firesides as soon as possible. But not so. The pleasant, easy, picnic tone of the occasion was kept up to the last. Many of the spectators were friends of the performers, and the artists seemed far from loth to wear their motley yet a while, and under closer and more personal inspection. So andience and corps dramatique fraternized in the most confidential fashion at the outlet, with much hand-shaking and compliment and smilling comment, and the whole party went loitering and chatting over the lawn back to the nouse in a variegased, picturesque group, the women hastiy huddled in furs and cloaks, or "just dry so," as they say in Georgia, as if unwilling to quit a scene so plessant and friends so appreciative. At the foot of the veranda a placard and pointing hand sixpence." Curiosity prompted the shilling and sixpence." Curiosity prompted the desire to see whether aristocratic charities would go to the extent or serving the casual stranger with the sandwich of a temporary and spasmodic hospitality, for vulgar coin of the realm, but as between the chances of being served by a duchess or a duenna, probability pointed to the latter, and I consulted both pride and prudence by a hasty departure.

Take it all in all, the afternoon's entertainment

departure.

Take it all in all, the afternoon's entertainment was a pretty total of clever enterprise, spirit and good taste, and a good example for leisurely and clever folk on the other side of the water. There are gallant knights and maidens fair in plenty among our own people. There are bosky dells and velvet lawns at Lennox and Stockbridge and Bar Harbor, and pastoral plays may be found or written. Who will take the hint?

FEAR OR BUCK FEVER. TWO FRONTIER EXPERIENCES.

AFTER-DINNER TALES TOLD IN AN UP-TOWN RES

TAURANT. "It's all very well to talk about rot knowing what fear means; but I tell you there are few men who have not at some time had a sinking of the heart and a trembling of the limbs that meant fear and nothing else. It's easy enough to have courage on the battlefield and in shipwreek; anybody but a natural born coward would have; for whatever danger there is comes in the natural order of chings and has been discounted. It is the sudden consciousness of peril, presented to the mind at a moment of apparent security, that tests the condition of a man's nerves."

a man's nerves."

The speaker was one of a group of four, surrounding a table at an up-town restaurant. The dinner dishes had been removed, and the deliberation with which the men sipped their heer and puffed their eigars gave evidence exertion for some time to come.

"It was more than twenty years ago," he continued,

that I passed a winter in Minnesota-a very different place then from what It is now. The business that took meghere occupied little of 'my time, and I spent most of my leisure in hunting the various kinds of game that abounded in McLeod County, where I made my headquarters. I was sometimes alone, sometimes with a friend whom I found in Glencos, and not infrequently with a band of trappers who made me at home in their camp, or with a tribe of Sioux Indians who then travelled

all over that country in search of game.

"One day I was out with my Glencee friend after deer.
There was a light snow on the ground, and after a while There was a light snow on the ground, and after a while we tracked two deer into one of those dense thickets which were found in the lower grounds of the rolling prairie. These thickets extended often from lake to lake and varied in width from a few rods to perhaps a quarter of a mile. We were well acquainted with the one that we were in for a space of a mile or two from the point at which we entered it, and we knew that it was early uniform in width.

and followed, our plan being to keep, the one or the eas aide and the other on the west, just so far in the thicke as to be able to see the outer edges. We were to work our way through the prickly pear and other low-growing shrubs at a uniform rate of speed, and believed that one of the deer would easily fall a victim to one or the other of us. We had hunted in this way several times before with variable success. Waiting a sufficient time for my friend to get into position, I began to pick my path alightest sound and my eyes peering in all directions Progress was slow and hour after hour passed without my sign of the game I was after. Rabbits, squirrels and partridges there were in abundance, and occasionally a prairie chicken, and at any other time I would have had excellent sport; but I had not then shot many doer -it fact had very recently got over the 'buck fever,' so as to fact had very recently got over the 'buck rever', so as to be able to shoot one—and the possibility of the nobler game was not to be sacrificed for a meaner certainty. So on I plotded, when I heard a twig snap at some distance to my right and just ahead. I paused and again heard a sound that I at once recognized as that of a deer walking slowly along grazing on the twigs as it went. I could not be mistaken. I had heard the same some before. Cocking my rifle—a half trigger—I stood still The animal seemed to approach. Seeing an ant hill p inting so directly at my eye that I seem see the charge at the bottom. Behind recognized the face of my friend, toward wh

refrect state or refused to obey his will also be integer integer near the knowing as he did so that he was aiming at me.

"Strong, rough, old frontiersman as he was, I never saw any man so overcome; and we sat there on the snowy ground a long time before either of us could recover strength to go back to the village. I have known men changed less by long sickness than that afternoon's mentioned changed us."

"The asked one of the party nce changed us."
si oke of 'buck fever.'" asked one of the party

"You sicke of 'buck fever," asked one of the party 
what sort of a fever is that I"

"If you have ever shot at a deer, or other large game 
you have experienced it. It is well known in region 
where deer abound that no man ever killed the first onhe nimed at, no matter how accurate a marksman hmight have been when abouting at a mark or at smal 
game. There is a sort of fremor that comes over the 
limbs when one sees a deer within the range of his riffer 
to the first time, that makes it impossible to kill it. The

for the first time, that makes it impossible to kill it. The first deer that I shot at was a noble buck, and he was about far enough of for a creditable shot at a partidge; but I ddn't bit bin "Well," continued the other, "you were talking about fear; but I don't see as you've made a point. Ferhaps it was only another kind of 'buck fever' that you and your backwoods friend had when you found yourselves popping at each other with rifles. Can't you give us some other example of having been frightened by something turning up sudden't ""No," replied the other, laughing. "If I wasn't frightened that time I don't believe I ever was; but there was an incident of my winter on the frontier that I didn't.

A NEW USE POR ELECTRICITY.

"What is this ?" asked a broker, as he sauntered into a Wall-st. banking house on Saturday and fixed his inquiring gaze on a curious little machine from which there came a subdued whire and a strong current of air. Then he put out his hand to investigate.

current of air. Then he put out his hand to investigate, there sugars out half-way off.

While the clerks were binding up his wounds previous to starting him off for the family doctor they explained that the thing which he saw was an electric motor, while the part that he felt, but hadn't seen, was an eighteen-inch fan, making 9,200 revolutions a

downtown district alone, the Steek Exchange and most of the leading beniging houses having them. The rent for a machine is file a summer and they are run by the surrent which supples the lamps at night, a fan and a sump requiring about the same amount of power, the cost for sitter being 1 1-0 cents an hour. The fans can also be bounts ourright. A large one will greate a surrent of air that can be fall at a distance of fifty feet. They are made of two kinds of material, metal and fire. The latter is not as durable but if any see hard on the ingeste of inquisity speciators.

NEW-ENGLAND SKETCHES. PUTTING IN A PUMP.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.
RANSOME, Mass., Aug. 5.—About a quarter of a mile down the road to the east from where we live is a small cottage owned by a lady trom New York. She comes out and spends a couple of months of the summer here, for there are two very good things in Ransome—air and scenery. By this remark I do not mean to limit the good things. The air is like that of a mountain region; and the scenery is pleasing, without being sublime. Miss Armstrong's place is so small that it is something like a toy establishment, but it is perched on a hill, and the outlook is picturesque. There are some drawbacks, however. The distance from the well to the house is one of them. It is perhaps twenty rods, and is down bill, so that one has the privilege of walking up hill with the full bucket, rather than the cupty

About a week ago, Miss Armstrong suddenly an nounced that she was going to have the water brought up, and a pump put in. The determination created some excitement and roused a mild scorn for the New-York woman who could think of violating the usages of Ransome. It is not custom ary here to have a pump in the house. The men folk, generally, do not approve of such an arrangement. Judging from appearances, they prefer a well from an eighth to a quarter of a mile away. There is a well-curb and a chain and crank, and you see tired looking women creaking away at this crank, and then staggering back to the house, heavily laden. Well-to-do farmers will have water facilities-or rather non-facilities-in this way. Is it for the discipline of their wives and daughters have never seen any set of women so old before their time, so jaded, so unhappy-looking, as these farmers' wives about here. But Ransome is an unusually healthy town, and in spite of their snicidal lives, these worren do not die; they live and live, until finally one dies and is buried, and the neighbors say, "She was jest worn out." Miss Armstrong was reasoned with. The men near here distance from the well to the house, and said i couldn't be done. Besides, it would cost a hundred dollars. " Better pay a hundred dollars now than have a broken back in a year or two," returned Miss Armstrong, and sent for a "pump man" from Farnham to come over and judge. He came and said the thing could be done easy enough; bade Miss Armstrong have a trench dug, and he would come and lay the pipe at 6 cents per pound.

"I guess Miss Armstrong has money a rottin' of she never'd fling it out'n this kind of a tom-fee way," said Mr. Fearing, as he stood gazing dow into the trench. "Likely's not they'll come to

Mr. Fearing was one of the first to arrive on the scene. He was followed by the man who lived down the bill, and who raised hens as a means livelihood. He was known in the neighborhood a There was always great speculation as to whether the hen man was " bright" or not; meaning, had th and he was capable of computing to a grain of corr

When my sister and I reached the spot, there five neighbors viewing the operations, and Armstrong was there, holding an umbrella over berself and a young girl from Neponset, who was visiting her, and who considered the whole The sun poured down in that blistering way o which that luminary is capable some clear days it August The last shovel from the trench was flung out as the pump-man drove into the yard, accomhuge coils of lead ripe and a coppe pump; also by a boy to help.

"Of course you don't expect no pump to work

that distance?" asked Nahum Rogers, who had predicted that it couldn't be done, nohow.

"Deacon Stoder, over at the Milis, had one put in; it jest sucked 'n wheezed 'n sucked, 'n the fust

winter it busted all tu thunder."

This remark was made as the plumber let himself down into the trench and began slowly to unwind a coil, preparatory to adjusting an end of the lead in the well. He turned up his red, dripping face an instant toward Rogers, but he did not speak, Before the pipe was really placed in the well, two more men came from the "old Cargill deestrict." along the road at his own will, which led him presently into a thicket of young locusts, where he straggled ineffectually to get out, and where noticed him. It was found eventually that he had wedged a wheel so tightly against a tree that the tree had to be cut down, as there was no chance to pull the eart from the other way. As the two men approached and expectorated, the hen-man leoked at them, moved his hand toward the length of pipe, and said, "Long," in a very squeaky voice, which, however, suddenly failed at that pitch, and on the last two letters went down to the most busky baritone. This was the first time I had heard him speak, and I thought I knew immediately why he spoke so rarely. He evidently could not control his voice. He was about sixty, a bachelor, and lived by himself in a little house back of the encampment of his hens. The two men whom he addressed nodded, and after awhile one of them said: "Resky piece of business, ain't it, put'n in that

pump?"
The hen-man nodded in his turn.
"Woman doin' of it, eh!" was the next question.

The hen-man nodded in his turn.

"Woman doin' of it. eh !" was the next question.
Another affirmatory nod.

"She don't expect ter git water, does she!"
"Now I teil ye what 'tis." spoke the other new-comer with sadden animation. "in some places a pump will work, and in same places it will not. I should say that here," squinting contemplatively down the ditch, "that here it would not."

"What on arth was the matter with the well as 'twas!" questioned Mr. Fearing, coming nearer and picking up a straw to chew. "Tain't far to carry water. I've been tellin' of Miss Armstrong here that she ought ter do as Ben Fisher did when he lived in this house. He hed a yoke made 'n he used ter-bring up two pails to a time. This here new-fangled notions about pumps 'n things is beyond me. When my woman can't draw water straight out'n the well, I tell her she may go ter housekeep-in' far some other man. I ain't agoin' ter hey her git her head sot on any sech leee as this. These New-York folks noomin' in here and git'n our neighbors discontented ain't pleasin' to me. Yisterday I heerd Miss Ardent asayin' ef she could only git the money, she'd hey a pump termorrer. All because she heerd o' this, ye see."

Mr. Fearing spoke in a whining, wheedling sort o' tone, and his face wore a deprecating, silly smile that was sickening as well as irritating. I knew he was the pet aversion of Miss Armstrong, and she auddenly spoke up hehind him.

"From all I can hear, Mr. Fearing, I should think your wite would have no objection in the world to keeping house for some other man."

Mr. Fearing started and squirmed and grinned as he edged away, muttering that he "hedn't meant no offence."

It is well known among the people bereabouts that Mr. and Mrs. Fearing are continually

offence."

It is well known among the people bereabouts that Mr. and Mrs. Fearing are continually quarrelling and that she periodically threatens to leave him. Miss Armstrong smiled rather triumphantly as she glanced about the company. She came nearer to us, as we stood in the shade of an explotree.

came nearer to us, as we stood in the shade of an apple tree.

"I don't see Nancy Holland," she said. "This is an occasion when she ought not to be absent. Perhaps, though, Robert has overeaten himself and she really cannot leave him. I know that Mrs Whately sent him a large sweet-cake yesterday. I saw Mrs. Holland this morning and she said it was a pity, if I was determined to do it, that I hadn't put in a pump long ago, so that Hannah Clapp could have used it. That's her view of this interesting operation."

could have used it. That's her view of this interesting operation."

Mrs. Clapp was a widow, subject to sleepy
lethargy and living on the town," whom Miss
Armstrong allowed to live, rent free, in her cottage
while she herself was in New-York, which was most
of the year. Mrs. Holland's idea was that the
pump should have been there long ago for Mrs.
Clapp's accommodation. It was not enough to give
her her rent.

"Julia Rimer was coming over," went on Miss
Armstrong serionaly, though with a twist in the
corner of her lips, "but she said she was afraid it
would be hot, and the heat did not agree with her

humor."

It is very odd, and I never heard it anywhere but in New-England, this universal talk about "humor." Every one has a humor, and some things agree with it, and some do not. I did not know for some time what was meant, but I find things agree with it, and some do not. I did not know for some time what was meant, but I find nearly every aliment to which the inhabitants here are liable is considered to be caused in some obscure way by a humor. It is not merely an eruption or a swelling; it is some mysterious force which is inborn in each person, and which must be propiti-ated, not by abstaining from pork and the like food or from overheating the blood, by carrying pails of water, for instance, but by decoctions and librations of "goold thread" and "canker lettuce" and "narrer dockroot." Perhaps I shall yet learn that these people perform some awful rite at certain times as a sacrifice te slake the appetite of the fiendish god "humor."

At this moment one of the men sauntered away from the ditch and paused near us. He seemed to lited some difficulty in speaking, for he opened his mouth twice without a sound. The third time he said with a jerk:

"What you want is a chamber pump. That's no

mouth twice without a sound. The third time he said with a jerk:

"What you want is a chamber pump. That's no good," jerking toward the house. "Twon't throw no stream bigger 'n a knitm' needle."

Miss Armstrong informed the speaker that the plumber had promised to put in a pump that should work satisfactorily. After hearing this the man shambled away. The pipe was now ancoiled, and lay like a long snake in the bottom of the ditch. The plumber was in the kitchen at the sink, placing the pump. There was the silence of uncertainty and expectation. I heard the crows cawing as they flew over the meadow, the cicadas in the trees sent up their hot sounding noise. A man who had not spoken, and who had kept on the outskirts of the greup, hitched along forward with the air of one who was impelled to speak by an all-conquering sense of duty, but who dreaded to do it. He was clad from head to foot in a brand-new suit of blue overall cloth; he had a small grizzled toft on his chim. He stopped near Miss Armstrong and asked in a whisper:

"Be you Miss Armstrong?"

"Yes," "Yes," with intense earnestness, "don't ye know that lead'll pison the water?"

"But I shall pump off the water that remains in the pipe long. There's really no danger."

"I tell ye there is! Mind what I say. I've done my duty. Ef the water's soft it'll be pisoned; and of the water's hard it'll be pisoned. Don't forgit that I warned ye."

He turned and walked away faster than I ever before saw a man walk in Kansome.

He turned and walked away faster than I even before saw a man walk in Kansome.

In a quarter of an hour more it was demonstrated that the pump "worked." It yet remains to be seen how many people will be poisoned by the lead. At present Miss Armstrong enjoys the distinction, whether enviable or not, of being the woman who put in a pump.

BRICK-MAKING AT HAVERSTRAW.

ON SUNDAY.

The original Dutch settlers who planted their

nes under the shadow of the mountains at Haverstrav fined their energies to the cultivation of the soil, un aindfut of the wealth beneath their feet, and it was eserved for the English race to develop the business of rick-making which has made this town one of the most resperous on the banks of the Hudson. The few inhab ants in the days before the Revolution had made small quantities of rough, unshapely bricks, enough for chimneys of their humble dwellings, but the fire kiln of brick for a regular market was made in 1810 shen a company from Philadelphia set up one on the ank of the creek which runs through the town. Th skill and enterprise laid the foundation for the wealth of Haverstraw to renew the business at a late lay. James Wood was a native of Colchester, England and came to this country in 1801. From his boyhood had been bred to the 'rade of trick-making, and he wa ad been bred to the land brick-making was a poor man' ness, for it required no capital to start with. is arrival in America he started his business at Sin ng, but in 1815 he removed to Haverstraw, being reparently unlimited supply of wood that was growing in the forests on the mountains near at hand. From the time when the Children of Israel labored in

he clay under the eyes of Egyptian taskmasters to the ay that James Wood went to Haverstraw, there was n aportant improvement in the business of brick-making e day a sloop ran aground near Wood's brick-yard Tarrytown, showed him how to make a mould with bottom and a "vent." Soon after this an English on of his acquaintance sent him a piece inthracite coal as a curiosity. Placing oke which accompanies the burning of bituminou burn brick." Borrowing a mortar and postle he pulver ized a piece of the coal and mixed it with the clay fo were examined and a glance showed that his experimen cas successful. He had made a great discovery, and volutionized.

he upper layers of the kiln, and found the result to ad never happened before. Ut to that time it had bee and never happened before. Ut to that time it has been mpossible to make the bricks in a kiln of a uniform paility. They were always divided into "hard, saimon" and pale." The last were soft and useless or most purposes, but by the new discovery they were qually burned throughout. The advantages of this rocess were threefold: the bricks were not out uniform in value, but there was a great saving in time and fuel. It had previously taken thirteen days to the property with the property of the property with the property of the property with the prop from the source that gave weath to others, and he was robbed of the justly merited profits. In 1842 he removed to Tarrytown, where he died at the age of eighty on March 5, 1853. He was boried in Sleepy Hollew Cemetery near the grave of Washington Irving. The brick-making business soon assumed vast proportions. The owners of real estate grew rich from the material farmshed by their lands, and the manufacturers have gained weath from the products of their industry. The provinity of the great city farmshies a ready market, and the Hudson River is a means of communication that makes transportation cheap and easy. All things cembine to make Haverstraw one of the most available places for this business in the State. In 1852 a fresh impetus was added by the invention of the automatic brick machine by Richard Ver Valen, the present Mayor of Haverstraw. He is accustomed to say that the great improvement flashed across his mind one Sunda; morning when, during the sermon, his thoughts had wandered to the subject that had so long engrossed his attention, and he awoke from his revery just in time to hear the minister in his closing prayer invoke the Lord to have mercy anon those whose thoughts had been in other places during the hours of divine service.

At the present time fifty firms are engaged in the manufacture at Haverstraw, giving employment to nearly 3,000 men. employing 170 machines, and turning out in one year 302,647,000 brick, which would build a wall ten feet high and one foot thick 220 miles long.

EXACTIONS OF PAWNBROKERS.

The present law in relation to the rates of interest to be demanded by licensed pawnbrokers allows them 25 per cent per annum on a dollar for one year, 3 menth thereafter, etc. There are practices in vogue among many pawnbrokers in the city which are in attong many pawnbrokers in the city which are in violation of law, are oppressive to their unfortunate customers, most of whom are poor, and should be sup-plessed. Many of the pawnbrokers, not content with the heavy rate of interest allowed by law, exact at the rate of 3 per cent per month the year round, or 36 per cent on \$1 or a fraction thereof. Then in addition to

cent on \$1 or a fraction thereof. Then in addition to the interest these extortioners fasten a charge upon goods placed with them by customers for the "storage," hanging up," "placing in the safe," etc., usually adding a 5, 10, 15 or 25 cent charge on the ticket. Many customers protest against this exaction, but in order to obtain the ioan they must submit.

Last week a poor woman protested against paying a Third ave, nawnbroker not only 3 per cent per month on an article of wearing apparel, but 25 cents additional for "hanging up," The woman was handed a dress much rumpled and crushed, which had been stored away in a package for a year, the dealer having had the andacity to charge 25 cents additional for hanging ut up, although this had never been done. Another customer was charged 5 cents in addition to the interest on a loan of \$1 for the "storage" of a small article. These are only incidents in thousands that happen weekly in the pawn offices. There is one itm of pawnbrokers that never does such things, but most of them make these extra charges.

RELICS OF SAINTS IN ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S. It is not generally known that the relics of

two saints are preserved in the new St. Francis Xavier's Church in West Sixteenth st. On either side of the main sanctuary are the shrines of the Virgin and of St. Joseph. The white marble altars are constructed in imitation of martyrs were entombed. This was made the support of the altar slab for the celebration of mass. In modern thurches, especially Italian, it is the custom to inc the relics of the enshrined saint in a wax model, representing him in the act of martyrdom. This is what heem done in the case of two altars in 8t. France Mayler's Church. Beneath the table of the altar of the done in the case of two altars in St. Francis ier's Church. Beneath the table of the altar of the in repose the relica of St. Amanitus, a Roman iyr. His body was exhimed from the cemetery of ns, in the Via Aurelia, in 1666, during the Pontificate texander VII. These relies and the phial containing martyr's blood, found buried with them, were given he nuns of St. Theresa de urbe that same year. Papal approval they were transferred to the Rev. er Dealy, S. J., who conveyed them to New-York, authentification, dated 1666, fasted and partly n away by the chemical action of ink, is preserved the retics. Under the slab of St. Joseph's altar is rition of the body of St. Vincent the Martyr.

Propably no one but an enterprising Yanke Propably no one but an enterprising lankee would have thought of forming a company to furnish clean towels to office buildings. As some people have objections to using towels which have gone the round of offices, even after washing, the projector of the concern promises to mark each towel so that it shall go to the proper place. With towels will also be furnished sons, and wash basins will be kept clean, and only a moderate charge will be exacted of the patrons of the new enterprise.

TOPICS IN LEADING CITIES.

SAN FRANCISCO. MINISTER DENBY-DIRTY STREETS-SAND LOTS-IRRIGATION-DALY'S COMPANY.

[BT TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.] SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 8 .- If Minister Denby doe ot get light on the Chinese question it will not be for lack of effort of the San Franciscans. He has been taken through Chinatown by day and night and filled full of statistics about Chinese cheap labor and opium smoking and other Celestial vices He seems eager to absorb knowledge, but what effect it has had on him is not apparent. On his arrival he perpetrated a good joke on Vice-Consul Bee, who is a Yankee, by asking a reporter: "Is Colonel Bee a white man ?"

The supervisors, after wrestling with the Chine problem, have taken up the filthy streets and sewers. In the lower part of the city, in the locality known as "Tar Flat," the sewers are choked with lirt and refuse so that the smell is atrocious. Even on the bills the sewers are in bad condition and the odors arising from them would breed pestilence were it not for the cool weather and high winds Several local societies have organized a Sanitary Commission which is arging the supervisors to take action in regard to the shameful condition of city

who bellows regularly to Sunday audiences of bummers and tramps, has been fined for disturbing the peace. It is believed this is the first step in an active crusade against the nuisance which has existed at the Sand Lots since the days of Kearney's popularity.

There is no longer prospect of an extra session of the State Legislature, since it is understood that a truce has been declared between riparianists and irrigationists in the southern counties. The riparian owners have agreed to allow the irrigators to use water from the streams provided the latter will not demand an extra session. So the matter rests at present, with an ultimate prospect that the irrigators will conquer when the question comes up before the Legislature.

Augustin Daly has closed one of the most successful four weeks' engagements ever played in this city. He has had crowded houses, and local critics have agreed that both in skill of actors and efficiency of stage management nothing better has been shown here for years. Mr. Daly has also done well in suppressing chronic deadheads, of whom there is an unusually large brigade here now.

CHICAGO.

THE FLOOD-A MORAL CRIME-ALDERMEN'S LETTERS-ACADEMY OF SCIENCES. [BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 8.-The flood of last Sunday was the greatest known in this city. It occasioned some damage by the flooding of basements in the busi-less district and houses in low lying portions of the city out the benefits resulting are declared by the city health authorities to be incalculably greater.

At the Columbia Theatre this week was brought out would be the most elaborate ever seen in this city. The critics very generally assert that the play is simply tha of Sardou's "Fedora" in another guise, and the two local newspaper writers who framed the play have been put to defensive in attempting to show that their play is

tice to succeed Justice Foote, who has presided at the Armory Court for two years. In retiring the Justice armed over to the newspapers about 500 letters from undermen making intercessions for disreputable people oming before the Justice for various offences. It is alimed that this interference is an indictable affine. The chief interest in the printing of the letters, however, a contained in the peculiar orthography and forms of expressions employed by the honerable gentlemen who are the representatives of the people in the City Council.

The Chicago Academy of Sciences, which has been in existence for twenty years and has a justly famous library, mas been closed owing to lack of financial support. The academy has been in correspondence with nearly all the scientific societies of the world, but having no means with which to maintain its organization has closed its device.

NEW-ORLEANS. POLITICAL-CHURCH SCANDAL-FINANCIAL [BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

NEW-ORLEANS, Aug. 8 .- Dispatches from Washington state that Senator Gibson has repeated of his action in recommending Alfred Bradley to the position of Suprientendent of Construction in this city and has entered a protest against his appointment to the place. Although Gibson's infuence with the Administration has been most potent, odds are offered that his protest will avail nothing, as Bradley is a brother of the Editor of The Albany Argus. He has produced evidences ability as an architect, but he is rather more of a Ring

The records at the City Hall show that for the four months ending July 31 permits for the erection of build-ings valued at \$1,000,000 were issued. This is double ant tasged during the same time last year. The ecords also show that a large majority of the permits issued during the four months of this year ending July 31 were for private dwelling houses.

A controversy which threatens to result in a scandalou suit in the courts has arisen between the paster of St. Patrick's Church, the largest Catholic parish in the city. and the sexton of St. Patrick's Cemetery. They differed as to details in the management of the cemeteries, and the sexton asserted that he had paid the pastor \$1.500 for his appointment as sexton, and offered to produce cancelled notes to prove it. The pastor ordered him to vacate the cemetery. He refused and appealed to Archibishop Leroy, who in writing authorized the sexton to remain in his position. Notwithstanding this action of the Archibishop, the pastor appointed another sexton and called on the city police to protect him. On Tuesday the new sexton appeared at the cemeteries with a guard of police and took possession. and the sexton of St. Patrick's Cemetery. They differed The city treasury looks very dull new. There is noney coming in, it has used all the low.

money coming in it has used all the 'ast 'award' of \$100,000, and there will be lots of ordinances passed next Tuesday night with no money in sight for some time to liquidate them with. The city finances are in a most uncertain shape. Nobody knows what the 1885 taxes will amount to. That the city is carrying too much weight is the universal opinion, and it is suggested to cut of employes and run with half force until the difficulties are bridged.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB, SOCIAL AND PER-

SONAL.
FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBENE. Boston, Aug. 8 .- Municipal and administrative reforms move slowly, and the bosses seem deter-mined to thwart them in every way. Mayor O'Brien has good sense, resolution and a thorough appreciation both of his own responsibility under the new charter and of the benefit of independent action under it to the city, but he is opposed not only by the Common Council, from which no hing better was to be expected, but also by the Aldermen, the majority of whom are intelligent and capable. For instance, no sooner has the incompetent Superintendent of Streets been displaced, than he is elected to the important post of Clerk of Committees, tion and superior calibre.

The new Police Commissioners are making little

apparent progress in reorganizing their department, but hey seem to be wise in what they do, and in gradually preparing the force for a different system. Two patrol-nen, convicted of exacting money and valuables from the keeper of a disreputable house upon their beat, were dismissed in disgrace a few days ago, and a shock has een given to all the captains by promoting an efficient cutemant of a suburban station over their heads to be deputy superintendent. Nothing has yet been done toward making the liquor sellers adhere to the terms of their licenses, nor toward closing up the gamblinglouses, a partial list of which-so far as they are in operation during the summer—was printed on Thursday by The Record, which gave similar information several times in vain to the superseded board.

Mr. Franklin Simmons, the sculptor, who is just now Mr. Frankin Simmons, the sculptor, who is just how visiting friends in Boston and its vicinity, is an artist whom it may be worth while to remember in preparing memorials to Grant. No American has made from life so many portraits of Union Generals as he, and in the year 1866 he made a special study of General Grant, who being then at City Point, gave him some twelve or afteen sittings of from two to three hours cach. The bust then modelled, with which General Grant expressed the greatest satisfaction, has never been reproduced in

outh at the Clift Cottage in Newport. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Barrett have ended their visit to Mr. Edwin Booth.

Mrs. W. D. Howells are now at Wella Beach. The Commissioners appointed to select a site for a new court house have at last reported against the old reservoir grounds on, Beacon Hill-which the har simost unanimously opposed—and save decided upon the upper side of Pemberton Square, as central, scossible, light, alry and quiet. In the group of buildings which will be demolished is one doubly dear as having on its ground floor the offices and assetum of General E. F. Buttar,

PHILADELPHIA.

VICTIMS OF THE STORM-FLOWER GIRLS-

PERSONAL.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., Aug. 8.—The people have not yet recovered from the severe storm that visited the upper wards on Monday, and the demand for earpenters and mechanics of all kinds has not been half filled. The homeless, who are numbered by the hundreds, have in many instances been taken in by kind neighbors and cared for, while the great majority have conbors and cared for, while the great majority have con-structed rude shanties on or near the site of their old homes to serve until the debris can be cleared away and the houses rebuilt. Most of the houses destroy were humble and cheap st-uctures and were pri pally owned by their occupants, who had given many years of toll and endured privations to gather enough money to make the pur-chase, and in so doing had spent their all. It is more than probable that the "make-shifts" throughout the Richmond district will be the homes of the present occupants for a long time to come. A connumber of the houses were insured, and the companies which insured the policies have been kept busy answer ing questions, all of which are to the effect that the insurance does not cover damage from wind or rain, This has had a saddening effect upon the policy holders, as they were of the opinion that their

would be made good.

Since Mayor Smith was inducted into office he has

would be made good.

Since Mayor Smith was inducted into office he has done nothing that has brought him more good opinions than the assing of an order probibiting children selling flowers in the hotels and on the street after nightfall. The venders are mostly girls of twelve to fourteen years of age, and heretofore could be seen about the principal hatels dressed in gay attire until long after midnight.

At the encampment of the First Brigade at Camp Micklenberg, the command of the lat Regiment on one occasion tell to Major Wendell P. Bowman. The regiment on the return from review broke ranks before the order was given. Major Bowman, who is a strict diciplinarian, was dazed for a moment, but speedily commanded the men to fall in again. The boys were loth to obey, and not until the Major showed his anger was obedience paid him. Now it is mooted about the armory that the Major's aspirations to be the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment will be disappointed.

The annual encampment of the Grand Arn.y Posts of this State will be held at Gettysburg, beginning today and continuing for one week.

Drevel & Co. announce that up to Taursday they had received \$1,862 for the Grant monument fund. To aid this enterprise ail the principal business house have had printed forms placed in their houses that those who desire to subscribe can do so through the American Steamship wharves on Wednesday from Memphis, Tenn., and was shipped to Liverpool. The

The first bale of cotton grown this year arrived at the American Steamship wharves on Wednesday from Memphis, Tenn., and was shipped to Liverpool. The largest cargo of oil that has left this city in many months will be taken to Japan next week by the ship Oregon and J. B. Thomas. They will load 190,000 cases.

C. W. Creagmile, one of the oldest dealers in carpets in North Second-st., has failed.

Notwithstanding recent raids by the police there are now going in the block between highth and Nin h. or vine-st., two walking matches, the contestants being young girls who wear little clothing. The walking is continued as long as castomers who are attracted spend money at the bar.

The strikes among workmen in the several woolles factories and from mills continue and are on the increase. A slight break was made early in the week when forty-five hands returned to the carpet works of the Hortung Brothers, the men resuming their looms under the proprietor's own mode of conducting his own business. The woollen weavers who are out have held meetings nightly and appointed committees to visit the mills and use every persuasion to prevent those who wish to work from entering the mills. Sor eral arrests were made, and the hands of James Doal's mill are accompanied to work and brought therefrom by a squad of officers. Several firms have declined to reinstate the strikers, and will have no further dealings with union men.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S GRAYE.

From the Natal Mercury.

It is impossible not to be deeply impressed by a visit to such a piace as the spot where the Prince Imperial was killed, and if you think they would be of any interest I send you a few brief impressions of the spot. The first thing that strikes one is the extreme heauty and order of tie little enclosure. It looks like a little flower garden with aloping banks on each side. It was really, it seems, originally a dry donga with dark olack mad, and the bottom is filled with the enclosure and cross, whereas the sloping sides of the donga are covered with the pretty green cypresses and pines now, perhaps, six feet high. The country round is fearfully plain, and near the place where the Prince was killed little brozen dongas abound. But the eye rests on the pretty green dongas abound. But the eye rests on the pretty green in the planted enclosure with pleasure. There is first a little square, about ten feet long and eight feet broad, enclosed with beautiful white quartz stones brought from Emblungwane Hill, close by. It looks like a little marble wall a foot high. Then the white stone cross, put up by Queen Victoria, stands on a pedestal, set up on some of the same large whiths besones. A hong inscription say: Embiungwane Hill, close by. It books like a little marble wail a foot bigh. Then the white stone cross, put up by Queen Victoria, stands on a pedestal, set up on some of the same large whitehs stones. A long inscription says how it was put up by Queen Victoria to the memory of the Prince Napoleon, who was killed here, with his face to the foe. There is also in the enclosure a long, that raised after tomb, with a cross worked upon it in stenes, and at the foot of thai is a little crucita, with an inscription in French. Higher up in the enclosed piece of ground is the site of another grave, with a reembens cross, I suppose to the memory of the solther who was killed at the same time (Trooper Rogers, I bink, of Rettington's Horse), but no name is to be seen. A native was also atiled at the same time. The trees look so nice and green, and there are several little beds made with stone edgings in which are planted hydrangeas, lities, and little shrubs. But care and keeping in order are evident everywhere. There is a little wooden cross fast decaying, which records that it was put up to mark the spot by the Royal Scots Fasiliers. The little place looks very pretty, and outside are all the dry, long grass and the ugly dongas. One donga with water runs close to the stofic steps which lead to the cemetery, and an embankment has just been put up to prevent the water from washing away the foundations of the wall which runs all round the enclosure, and on the top of which are planted aloos. Alout fifty yards off is the mealic garden (the krani is now gone) where the prince rested. He seems to have been getting away on fow when no was killed, his horse having broken tran limiter river Ityotycz is about 100 yards below the garden. The ground slopes to the river, so neopie coming up from it could not be soon through the long grass. The crest of the hill on the other side of the river, where the Zalius were first seen, is about a quarter of a mile of, but they could make a circuitous hidden approach. The place is four hours' ri

Rare form, deep eyes, fair forchead wreathed about with sunniest curist—chid's month, and voice like lovel. Most tender cadence in the coo of doves. A heart! . . sad miracle! . . the heart's left out!!

[PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.]

TREFT.

From Good Housekeeping.

Yards of dainty Irisa thread,
Filmy treasure at for a queen,
On the larm's green bosom spread,
Bathed in a shower of golden shee Siender the fingers that placed it there,

Alas! the future we little know, A mercy kindly to mortals given; For ere the evening's sun sinks low, The lace is wafted high toward Heaven.

And the dearest nest in all the trees,
Is the nest of the robins, bold and gay;
With an end of white hing out to the breeze
An a lining of lace where the blue exes lay.

IONE L. JONE

THE WORLD AND I.

From The Current.

Small is my place in the world, a grain of sand on tak shore. Little the world will care when that place shall know us

namore; Little the world will heed if me weal or was betide; But to myself I am more than all of the world lesside Willis Flatener Jourson.

A SKY CELEBRATION. Prom Good Cheer.

I stood entranced at beauty
Painting night's purpled dome;
Genumed o'er with wealth of star flowers—
So near leaned heaven, and home.

When swift a meteor traversed. Indultude of space; Pollowed in train by others; Bert raised a questicning face.

"What's 'ose I" "Why, they are angels," Baid Neille, " so I guess : And the sparks are the 'lectricity When God souds messagesi" "Oh, no! dey's shootin' trackers," Cried Bort, "up in do sky; I fluks Dod's little boys must bo A-having Foort' Duly."

The Concord School of Philosophy has co-pleted an analytical discussion of Goothe. The resul-nct yet public property, but from isside sources we made to state that it is substantially that if the were living to-day he would must likely be eligible manufacturing. These

The comparative frigidity of this casher is probably due to the fact that Carl Reform and Thomas A. Hendride have pus other on the lame side of the street.—[Pail